

*Foremgs Shew'd
be See* THE *Hot Hol.
Tues p.m.*

T E M P L O F W A R.

To which is annex'd
The BIRTH-DAY
An ODE;
AND
An ODE congratulating His
MAJESTY's late safe Arrival from *Holl.*

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable
The EARL of *ALBEMARLE*, &

By the AUTHOR of the HEBREW CAMPAI
and REVIEW.

Parva metu primò —

L O N D O N:

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pt. Car.	3



Cornet

S U B S C R I B E R S.

N^o of B

- Cornet Willson.
Cornet Cullumbine.
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Capt. Cary Stephens.
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Ca

S U B S C R I B E R S.

N^o of Books.

Fitz-Harris.	2
Lepipre.	1
Smith.	2
Lovewell.	1
Milner.	2
Reve.	2
Wolfe.	1
Marmion.	2
et Huntley.	2
Dupoy.	1
Willoughby.	1





THE TEMPLE of WAR

"Ἄρης μέχα ἐδένθε οὐδεῖστιν εἰπεῖν
Καρδίην ἀλληκούν πολεμίζειν οὐδὲ μάχεσθαι.

Hom. Iliad. 2.

Tremendous MARS ! thou awful Source
of War ;
Of clang'rous Trumpet, and the dusky
Car ;

Who, mid'st Confusion, grimly smil'st to give
The BRAVE the Palm, and bid'st the Warriour live
Who wheel'st it, dauntless, at the dreadful Hou
When Thousands fall before the Leaden Show'r

B

Whe

The TEMPLE of WAR.

When pregnant Bombs, emit a deaf'ning Roar,
And conqu'ring Heroes take their Wounds, before;
Thou, who thro' Lanes of Death, mark'st out thy
Ways,

And sternly pleas'd, the sanguine Scene surveys!
Bid Thou the Muse, Inspirer of my Song,
Who prid'st in Groans, and sweep'st the Field along.

To thy dread *Fane*, conduct my wond'ring Eyes,
For there thou rank'st the Warriour, when he dies,
In Time's immortal Leaves, more lasting far,
Than marble Tombs, or brazen Statues are!

Say, furious God, to whom the Nations come,
How rough's th' Access to thy Romantic Dome!
A thousand Heights we climb, a Thousand toils ex-
plore,

And those perform'd, we meet a thousand more!
Such devious Tracts, such rugged Mountains rise
Between, and where our dang'rous *Honour* lies.

High on a Rock where craggy Ramparts rear
Their solid Heads, and horrid Engines bear,



Wher

The TEMPLE of WAR.

Where Tube, by Tube, diversely level'd, throw
As wills the God, his Thunder on the Foe!
The Temple stands: on Imminence renown'd,
Infring'd with Trenches, and strong Bulwarks, round
Here (when contending Pow'rs compose the
States)

Bifronted *Janus* bars his brazen Gates;
The crackling Hinges, rusty Silence fear,
Dire Foes to Peace, and Votaries to War.
Emblems of Horror, here, and Fury, stand!
And crested *Gorgons*, rang'd on either Hand.

Around the Dome's display'd the figur'd Scene
Of frowning Heroes, and of fierce Campaigns;
Here Champions, Champions meet, and seem t'e-
gage

In dreadful Fights, and give a loose to Rage!○
Here, armed *Pallas* wheels the hissing Car;
And there, *Bellona* shakes the pointed Spear;
Heralds of Death, and Deities of War.

The TEMPLE of W A R.

While anxious Nations throng t'enquire their Fate,
And round th'Ascent, in armed Millions, wait.

Here, flying *Fame* attends, with listning Ear,
or *Fame* is too, a Favourite of War ;
he 'tis that scatters Feuds amongst the Gods,
mblazes Heav'n, and sets the World at odds ;
Her nimble Tongue can Peace or War prevent,
Or save, or ruin, in a Tale's Event.

Here, Thousands she to splendid Glory drew,
Run o'er their Toils, and fight their Fields anew ;
Some, furrow'd o'er with Wounds, on Crutch re-
cline,

nd sing the Conflicts of the *Boyn* and *Rhine* ;
nd some, what Contests mov'd in *Anna's* Reign,
amilly's Fight, and *Hochsted's* fatal Plain.

Others, what mighty *Marlb'rough* once perform'd,
What Forts were taken, and what Towns were
storm'd !

Who 'twas, they tell, the Shocks of War withstood,
When *Blenheim's* Plains were dy'd in Nations'
Blood ;

And

The TEMPLE of WAR.

And who the Chief, the dreaded Truncheon,
That drove the *Gaul* to *Danube's* fatal Shore.

Here wou'd the Muse dilate : and pleas'd, wou'
To swell the Theme : But *Addison* has writ ;
Addison, the Muse's Darling ! whose Campaig
Preserves the Memoirs of that Martial Reign :
His deathless Verse, a Foe to Time, shall tell
How *Churchill* fought it, and how *Dormer* fe
Recording Times shall hand it too along,
And those unborn, shall languish on the Song

But to return : A thousand Horrors wait
In dreadful Forms, at the tremendous Gate !
Lean haggard Famine, and cold Death appear,
In meagre Shapes, wild Discord, and pale Fear
Ensigns of Wrath unfurl'd, and deep Despair.

Here slow Revenge the guilty Dogs ; and for
Obscure as yet, pant for the Palm to come,
Infants to Fame, and Heroes in their Bloom.

The TEMPLE of WAR.

taught before, and resty to command,
Iona trains the Stripling to her Hand :
he was *Achilles*, an inglorious Boy,
bore *Ulysses* arm'd him out for *Troy*.
ar round th'exterior Courts, thrown, useleſs, by,
ad blunted Blades, and shiver'd Faulchions lie,
d in vast Vaults, design'd for Ruin all,
ge Hills of cavous, and of solid Ball ;
ne freshly molded of a massy Size,
low'd for Death, in mighty Mountains rise ;
ich thrown from Engines, with a fiery Train,
eep the sing'd Skies, and give the Gazer pain.
d, like *Pope's* Comet, whiffling thro' the Air,
ike down the Sparkles from their blazing Hair.
e Boldest struck with Fear, suspends his breath,
d waits the Crush of this descending Death,
knowing how to shun the pregnant Ball,
sees't with pain, and dreads the pond'rous Fall.
Here, limping *Vulcan* arm'd the Gods for strife,
e wove the Net, for his adul'trous Wife.

For

The TEMPLE of W A R.

For near to this, *Vulcanian* Anvils glow,
Where Arms are forg'd, and *Jove's* own Thur
too.

Here, the big *Cyclops* turn their Metal o'er,
With fervent Tongs, and sweat at ev'ry Pore.

At either Entrance, to the inner Gate,
Two diff'rent Forms, as watchful Centries w
~~THIS~~, *Friendship* opes, when Jars and Envy c
Regent of Leagues, and Fautress of Peace :
~~THAT~~, when the God denounces dire Alarm
And loud-tongu'd Heralds give the Word, *To A*
Pale *Fury* guards : whence, bent on Deaths to co
Despair shoves forth, and makes the Whirly
room.

Emblems of War, Spears, Helmets, Ensigns g
In various Modes, the formidable Place.
For on each side, significantly, rise
Vast Rows of Pillars, of enormous Size !
Behung with Trophies round, War's dire Port
The Spoil of Islands, and of Continents.

The TEMPLE of WAR.

Here, hung the dread *Sarpedon*, *Hector* bore;
And there, the Shield the great *Achilles* wore!

He hung young *Ammon's* fabl'd Armour too,
And there the Dagger, good old *Clytus*, flew.

Nor want there Trophies of more modern date,
Tannia's Heroes swell the Lists of late.

Arms, around, to the Spectator's Eyes,
By gain'd in Fields of Death, the Victor's Prize,
Curved Forms, and Lunar Circles rise ! }
}

Here, a *Cone* in beauteous Order, rears
Head : and there, a *Pyramid* of Spears !

Whilst, midst his Magazines, commanding all,
The dauntless God's distinguish'd in his Hall ;
This, dreaded *Mars*, here from his steely Throne,
Intributes War, and Terrors of his own ;
He (prepar'd his dreadful Terms to deal)
Sternly arm'd in Adamant, and Mail ;
Once gives he pointed Vengeance room to rage,
And waste the Field, and lets the World engage ;

Furious,

The TEMPLE of W A R.

Furious, and swift, his red Ideas flow,
And at his Nod, Imperial Scepters bow.

Here, *Spain's* Pizans, in quest of Honour claim
Right to the Sword, and proudly grasp at Fame
Lavish, and poor, the jealous Natives come,
Anxious of Fate, and studious of their doom,
In vain they'd boast of undivided Sway,
The *Streight's Britannia's*, and they must obey
The rising Sun, proclaims her Halcyon Reign,
And holds her Sway there, in the teeth of *Spain*.

Here, to restrain their Pride, her Navies keep
And float, a Forest, on the peaceful Deep !
Her lab'ring Engines shake the Shores around,
The shoken Shores, return the murmur'ring Sound
Iberia hears : and struck with conscious Dread
Shrinks at the Thunder level'd at her Head !

Here either Poles revere thy awful Nod,
And hold their Sway, from *thee* ferocious God
Here tends the savage *Indian* for a Grant,
Who trains to War th' embattl'd Elephant.

The TEMPLE of WAR.

All Nations court thee, all thy Pow'r implore,
The swarthy *Lybian*, and the dusky *Moor* ;
Thou, dreadful, Thou in splendid Armour lac'd,
Send'st forth to War, 'tis thy ambitious Feast,
The quiver'd Armies, of the sumptuous *East*. } }

Here crowd the *Chinese*, insidious how to yield,

And the grim *Tartar* shouting for the Field,

Abide in his Order yet, nor taught to fear }

The envenom'd Fury of the shiver'd Spear.

The lusty *Turk* too, emulous of Fame,

Abounds to thy Shrine, and courts thee for a Name ;

But truly he seems, and corpulent to stand,

With his broad Sabre brandish'd in his Hand ;

What comely Looks his ample Limbs afford,

How strongly nerv'd, and fitted to the Sword !

But turn thee, Muse, thou'l find a Theme more fit,

Or sate thy Eyes with savage Prospects yet ;

Europe opposes ! worthier of thy Lays,

Fashion'd in Arms, whom all the World obeys !

Mars

The TEMPLE of W A R.

Mars thinks her fittest for the sanguine Plain,
Skill'd most in War, and fittest most to reign,
Ardent for Rule, and arbitrary Pow'r,
Her Kingdoms court him, from her Northern Shor

Here *Moscow's* Monarchs tend on Wars Alarm
And hardy *Russians*, freezing in their Arms.
Frequent, and studious, 'fore his Iron Gates,
Germania courts him, (*from an hundred States*)
Germania! that intestine Feuds devour,
If Concord rul'd, a formidable Pow'r!

But here let's halt : and curb the Muses Rein,
And bring her Home to 'r proper Clime again ;
Nor let her Theme be limited, to sing
The Source of *Ganges*, or *Nile's* latent Spring
While *Albion's* Sway the rude *Barbarian* warm
To Glory, Arts, to Eloquence, and Arms !
The East, and West, her distant Scepter own,
Those hail the rising, and the setting Sun,
The Seas, the Sails, and both the Poles her own ;

The TEMPLE of W A R.

are wholesome Edicts, are her greatest Care,

gentle in Peace, and terrible in War;

her Weal serenely rul'd, in Union lives,

'observe the Laws, her Legislature gives.

thus learned *Athens*, nor less learned *Rome*,

lourish'd before, and taught the Times to come.

Mars knew them Valiant, Politic and Brave,

enroll'd them here, and balk'd the greedy Grave.

Say, Sacred Record, from Oblivion free,

ay, what we owe these mighty Shades, and thee?

Who *Pompey*, *Cæsar*, who th' *Atrides* were,

Has *Lucan* sang, and has been *Homer's* Care.

Description warms, as we their Deeds rehearse,

In the smooth Measures of immortal Verse;

Th' engraven Columns of War's dreadful Shrine,

seem still to glowe, and breathe in every Line.

Here hang their Trophies round, in pompous Pride,

Who in the Field, the Field of Glory, dy'd.

Deck'd in the Spoils, of late, *Britannia* sent,

Mistress, and Guardian of the *Continent*:

Mars

The TEMPLE of W A R.

1

Mars grimly sits, the tim'rous World to fright,
And feeds on Vengeance his severe Delight;
And while her Sons, returning from afar,
From slaughter'd Armies and a legal War
Address the God; the God austere weighs,
Who merits most, and who deserves the Praise,
And who's a Title to the Lists of *Fame*,
Who's push'd at Glory, Conquest, or a Name;
What Leader best the Shocks of War withstood
In Clouds of Sulphur, and in Seas of Blood;
What Nervous Youths disciplin'd best, and w/
To deathless Deeds the Tyde of Honour drew
Revolves he o'er, and gives the Palm to those
Dar'd Danger most, and met the bravest Foes.

This *Britain* claims: such Honours did she
In *Churchil's* Days, and Godlike *Nassau's* Re/
Albion he said, and shook his awful Head,
That has so oft rais'd Mountains of the Dead
Whose frequent Conquests, has her Records
From Kingdoms humbl'd, and from Millions k

4 *The TEMPLE of W A R.*

shall hold the Balance : fittest to decide
disputed Empire, while her Navies ride
from Pole, to Pole, and brave the furious Tide :
Wher' er her floating Poops shall be convey'd,
the World shall bow, and *Albion* be obey'd ;
Umpire She, when I my Gates unbar,
all fit : whene'er the jealous Nations dare
intend for Laurel, and demand a War.

spoke : and strait the Nations turn their Eyes
Albion's Isle, whose chalky Cliffs arise
own'd with green Honours, and indulgent Skies.
they sollicit : fittest far to give
the Nations Laws, and bid the Vanquish'd live :
who, more bold, e'er follow'd War's Alarms,
are daring, who more terrible in Arms ?
thund'ring Tubes to either *India's* Shores
command : and now th' obedient World —adores.



The



The BIRTH-DAY,

*An ODE in Commemoration of the 30th
of October, the Anniversary of the Na-
tivity of his Sacred Majesty King
GEORGE II. &c.*

In magnis voluisse sat est.

I.

THE rolling Year's brought round the Day,
The Birth-Day of great *Albion's King*!
For which our Bards their Lays prepare,
And solemnize the Theme they sing!
Hail happy Morn, such *Harvests* still afford,
Loaded with Olives, and with Laurels too,
Expressive Emblems o' thy Reign,
Great *Patriot*, whom thy *Britain* loves,
Whom Foes, if Foes thou hast, revere,
And own Thee their Imperial Lord!

The BIRTH-DAY.

II.

In spight of *Envys* nerveless Sway,
Thy Virtues lift their Candid Head,
Conspicuous, as some glorious Star,
Thy Subjects Eyes are fix'd on Thee,
For Thee their laughing Fields they till,
Or Thee their loaded Valleys smile,
And for Thee Heav'n, indulgent to thy Care,
Doth gratefully these Sweets distil,
Such Blessings crown our thankful Isle,
Which usher'd in the peaceful Year !

III.

But such as *Pope's* or *Pindar's* Lays
Would rather dare this vasty Flight,
Twou'd better suit such mighty Bards ;
Too high's the Subject, and too low's the Praise.
A private Muse can't well sustain,
Theme so great, to which belongs
The lawless Tribute of our Songs,
Such rather shou'd thy *Birth-Day* sing,

Such

The BIRTH-DAY.

Such in immortal Measures roll,
The tuneful Progress o' thy Reign.

IV.

What Monarch e'er was more belov'd,
Or who more won their Subjects Hearts?

Meer Envy's self can't chuse but own
Thy pleasing and thy easy Sway ;
Thy Rebel-Foes all wonder how
They durst attempt successless Arts,
To pain thy Mighty Father's Days ;

But with this Rage they 've shooke'n Hands,
Unarmed now old Discord stands,
And Factions pay thee Duty now.

V.

O may such Blessings give us Peace,
May this white Day still mark the Year,
And may domestic Factions cease,
That neighb'ring Powers may know,
Whence they derive the Greatness that they o
Not *France* can yet her Honour gain,

D

C.

The BIRTH-DAY.

Don't yet forget great *Anna's* Reign,
And that we reap fresh Conquests still,
Is thine, great Senator in War,
Who taughtst the *Spaniard* how to bow.

VI.

Such Glory's an immortal Flame,
Such as ought t'inspire the Brave :
Such as ancient Valour knew
Such as has distinguish'd YOU,
Bright Majesty, to whom adhere
Are Virtues of the Noblest kind,
Perfections which have form'd thee fit,
For Glory, and for Government,
And Erudition's studious Care
Impress'd them on thy Royal Mind.

VII.

Once Sacred *Guardian* of our Laws,
Will shine illustrious as you rose,
That Peace (for Peace commenc'd with you)
May still compose the public Weal,

The BIRTH-DAY.

Still prop Religion and her Cause,
That Harmony support the Throne,
And we thy Offspring's Offspring see,
And this great State ne'er want an Heir
That may the Warriour Lawrel wear,
And shield us from our Foes.

VIII.

Thy Godlike Reign proclaims Thee great,
And now aloft *Fame* seems to soar,
And lift thee 'bove the Pow'r of Time,
Time that wears the Face of things,
And steeps in *Lethes* heavy Waves,
The dull unnotic'd Sons of Earth,
Who're sunk beneath her sleepy Tyde ;
But to the Gods advanceth those
To whom her hoary Forelock gives
A Title, in her deathless Leaves.

IX.

What taught the early World such odds,
'Twixt real Greatnes and a Show,

The BIRTH-DAY.

But this : This rank'd the Brave amongst the Gods,
This rais'd the Great in Ages past,
Did lasting Monuments bestow
To those who've soar'd unto a *Name*,
thro' rugged Virtue's toilful Ways,
Thro' Paths unknown to common Steps,
Thro' all the mighty Maze of Fame,
And gave them *Immortality* at last !



A N



A N
O D E,

Congratulating his present MAJESTY's safe Return from Holland.

Cui gens omnis Lætitia occurrit salve.

I.

Hail to thy Throne, great MONARCH, hail
Hail to thy Royal Consort's Arms,
Our ardent Prayers, it seems, are hear'd
And thou'rt restor'd us safe again ;
Conspiring Winds, with fav'rite Gale,
Officious all to swell your Sails,

H

On His M A J E S T Y'S

ye fann'd you thro' the watry Throng,
I all their usual Harms assuage,
Check'd lazy Calms and Tempests Rage,
Those hated Rulers of the Main,

And whilst thou plow'dst the azure Way,
The Syrens wav'd their charming Song.

II.

With welcome Voice, thy *Britons* all
Congratulate thy long'd Return,

Witness the Joy thy Person gave,
Cloud Acclaim that shook the Shores,

The solemn Roar of hollow Tubes,

The Clouds of Caps the Sea-men wav'd,

Peers that throng'd to kiss your Hand ;
I thinks I see the People press !

The moving Crowd, (what can they less ?)

What Duty prompts not such a Sight ?

Drink all the Prospect at their Eyes !

Hail you to the Land !

III.

Return from Holland.

III.

By *Læda's Twins*, those lucky Stars,
Thy *Palinurus* steer'd his Course,
And not a Breath the East-wind blew,
In vain, to bend your hollow Sails,
Incumbent on *Albania's* Shore,
While luckily the Pilot steer'd,
While luckily the Vessel bore
The grateful Burthen in her Womb,
To waft you to expecting Crowds,
Deep'ning the Canvass with his Gales,
He curl'd the watry Way,
And sported in the Shrouds.

IV.

Oft' have we long'd to see you come,
Oft', as the Senate has at *Rome*,
To see their *Cæsars* from afar
Load Home the Spoils of foreign War,
The Tribute's just thy People bring,
To thee they tune their Heart and Voice,

Th

On His MAJESTY's

They know no Father to the State
But *Thee*, and *Thou* no Sons, but them :
'Neath thee thy Infantry rejoice,
'Neath thee they bloom in Feats of Arms,
And 'neath *Thee* pride to crush thy Foes,
And make thee truly Great.

V.

Her present Peace thy *Albion* owes
To *thee*, thou Terror of her Foes !
Her Sons confess thy *Halcyon* Days,
Joyc'd to see the Times renew,
Ne'er better pleas'd than now, they share
The fruitful Blessings of the Year ;
Effects of Peace, GREAT SIR, all due
Into thy mild and easy Reign ;
The Western World's amaz'd to see
Old Discord bound unto her Chain,
The factions Crowd once more at ease,
And *Envy* lull'd asleep by you.

VI.

VI.

But stop th' audacious Quill,
Rash Muse, forbear,
Thy Subject is a King !
Reflect on't, hence, nor let thy Pride
Assume a Task reserv'd for him,
Whose *Iliad* has already won
Immortal Honour from the Muse ;
In Lines like his 'twou'd smoother run,
Thou soar'st a pitch above thy Wing,
The Theme demands a nobler Pen,
'Tis bold, if Duty prompted not,
'Tis daring for a private Hand !

VII.

Yet still 'tis noble to presume
Tho't were successless ; Shal't thou come
Unheeded and unsung ?
No *Bard* attempt to hail you Home,
No joyous Tokens mark the Day ?
Forbid it, Gods : for People more

er long'd for Prince's Sight before ;

then since 'twas no mean Affair

hat thus withdrew you for a while,

Thy Safety 'twas concern'd this *Isle*,

Thy Welfare was th' assiduous Prayer,
waft you to your longing Shore.

VIII.

via grac'd with such a Guest,
nce *Nassau's* Chief, no Second knew,
Illustrious Prince, prefer'd to YOU ;
I balance *Europe's* Scales, and hold
In poize the Terms of *Peace* and *War* ;
Obsequiously the Nations wait
Thee the Issues of their Fate :
, may'st thou long, thus Lawrels wear,
ong dictate Laws unto thy Weal ;
And may thy Offspring never fail,
To triumph o'er thy Subject Foes,
queath thy Virtues to each hopeful Heir.

F I N I S.

